



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

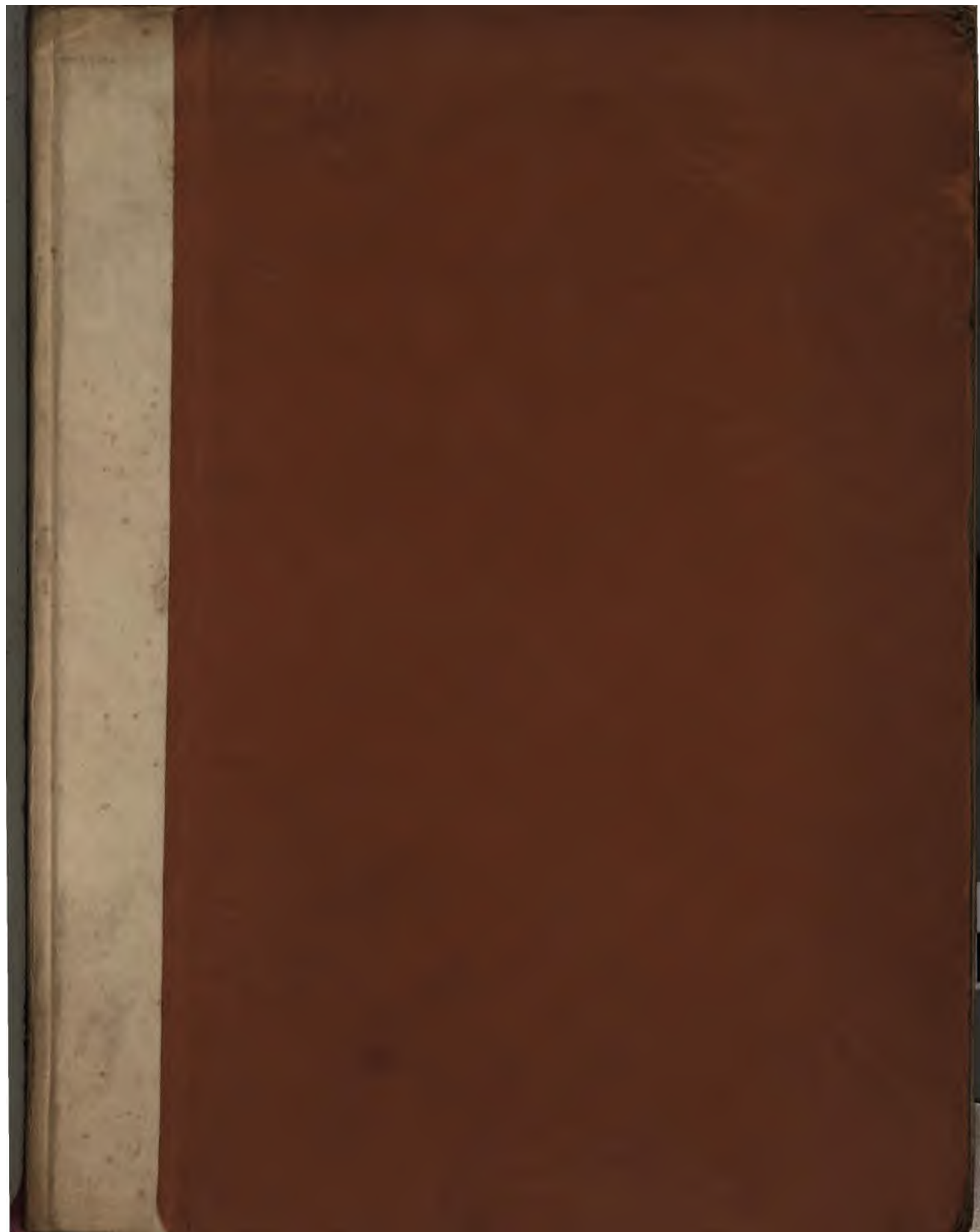
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600028141M





229

# HOURS OF REFLECTION.

—❦—

BY THE AUTHOR OF

**"BRITAIN'S KOH-I-NOOR."**

—❦—

FIRST SERIES.



LONDON :

PRINTED BY FELIX HUNTLEY HOWITT, 2, BLACKFRIARS ROAD.

1854

280 . d . 50 .

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

IN SENATE

COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY

REPORT

ON THE

RECORD

OF THE JUDICIAL BRANCH

1911

# Submission due to Providence.

## SPONTANEOUS THOUGHT.

WHAT right have I to murmur, to murmur at my lot?  
Or to be discontent with the Creator's decree?  
He has made me of clay, like the potter his pot,  
And like he with his ware may he deal not with me?

Aye, many a vessel on the wheel is thrown,  
And others are moulded, and others are cast;  
And when in their turn to the master they'r shown,  
Their birth he assigns them from first to the last.

Some vessels when thrown into vases are turned,  
And sent to the castles of princes and kings;  
And others are used for the butter when churned,  
And others for various much meaner things.

Some vessels are valued beyond any price,  
And others are used, but scarce mentioned their name,  
And should it be done, not even from choice,  
The lips that pronounce them are oft put to shame.

Thus mortals that are themselves made of clay,  
May do as they like with what they produce;  
It can not be questioned the Creator He may  
Do with all his creatures whatever he choose.

I'll therefore not murmur but patient submit  
To what He decrees that should be my lot.  
I'll dwell in a palace, if He should think fit,  
I'll go to a dungeon, I'll live in a cot.

And praise I will give to Him that has power  
To raise and to lower my station in life;  
On Him I'll rely, He shall be my tower  
Of strength and of comfort in world's busy hive.





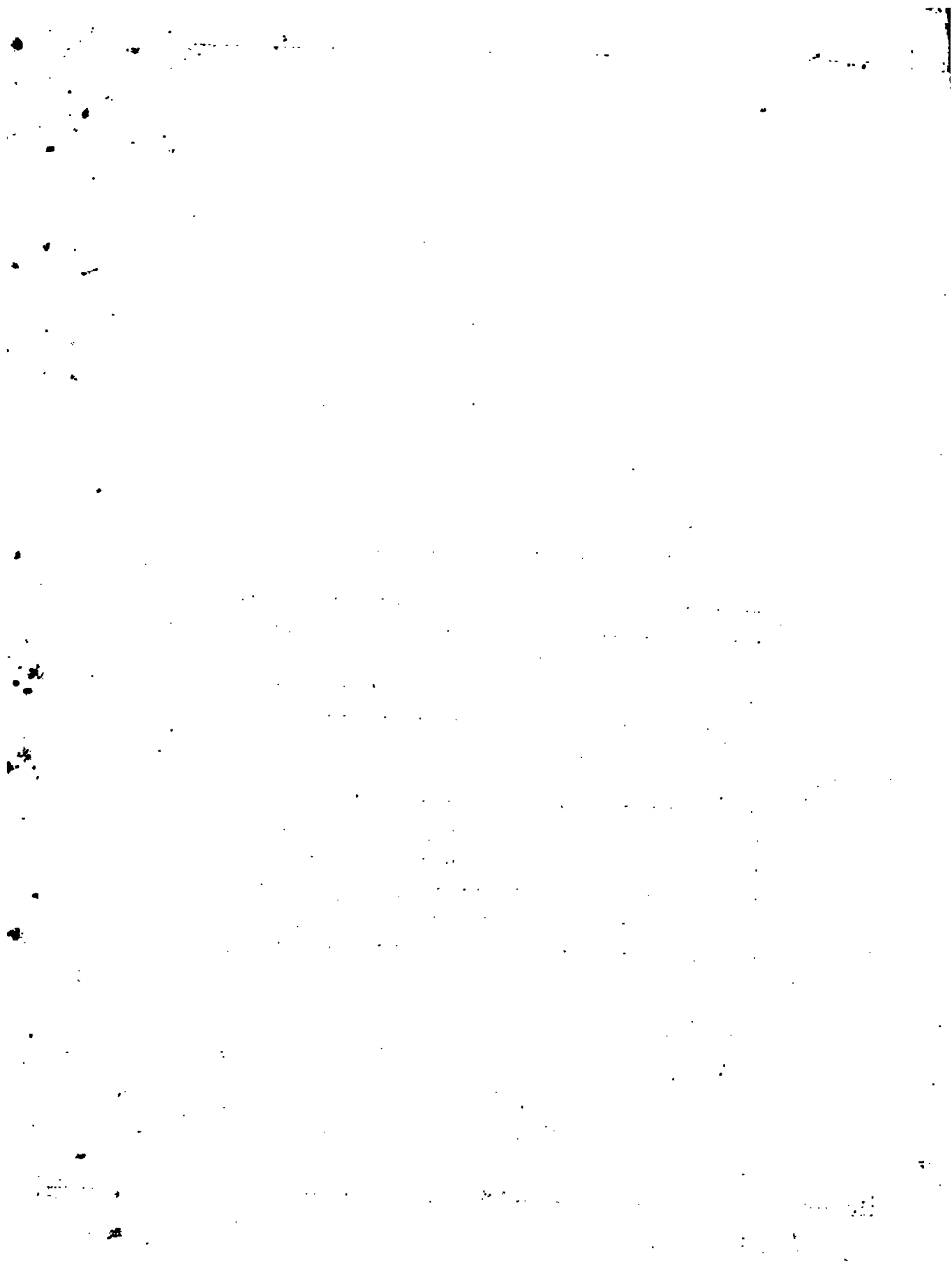
## Destiny.



What I was, what I am, and what I once shall be,  
I'm not thro' men's power, nor even thro' me ;  
There's a hand from above, there's stretch'd a hand  
With a powerfull, with a mighty arm,  
Without whose will and whose consent,  
No one on earth can do me harm.

That hand unseen has led me forth from the very day I first saw light,  
'T has nurtured and has guided me thro' the scenes of life, some dark some bright,  
'T has led me thro' world's labyrinth, thro' forests, fields and cities fair,  
And many a year I now have spent, in pleasure, and in joy or grief,  
But ne'er my spirit yet was bent, tho' toil and mishaps I did share,  
Since trusting in that unseen hand, I found, when troubled, sure relief.

And while I live I will not cease to trust in that protecting power,  
That leads me thro' this world of grief, shews me the way to Eden's bower,  
That gives me strength and grants support when overwhelm'd with worldly care,  
That cheers when sad and gives to drink of consolation when in pain,  
That makes partake th' unhappy man what's due to him of fortune's share ;  
To that unseen, that mighty hand, I'll trust, and shall not trust in vain.



## THE MIDNIGHT KNELL.

*Or, The Thirty-first of December, 1853.*

HARK! hark! the church bell's tolling!  
Hark! hark! it strikes the hour!  
Hark; the waves of time are rolling  
Down, down Tethy's cooling bower!

Sixteen, in all, I've counted,  
Four first, twelve after it;  
That's the hour, of yore, 'twas haunted  
By the spectres from the pit.

What may have caused the tolling?  
For whom was meant the knell?  
And why are so many counting  
The slow striking of the bell?

And some one thus rejoined me:  
"Dost thou not know th' event?  
Well, my friend, then I will tell thee—  
The Old Year has reach'd its end.

And many folks are waiting  
To greet the New Year's luck,  
And their joy makes them forgetting  
To look for one moment back.

All people seem rejoicing  
To see the Old Year gone;  
Aye and yet that Year did something  
Good that others have not done.

True 'tis Peace seems disturbed;  
But how scarce is the Year,  
Where World's Peace is undisturbed  
For and after Christmas cheer.

Three years are just determined  
Since the new year 'Fifty-One,  
When World's Peace seemed well secured  
While the Crystal Palace shone.

When forty diff'rent Nations  
Sent all that Skill had done  
To join in the competition  
For the honours to be won;

And forty Flags were greeting  
The all-astounded eyes,  
And, all-peaceful, seemed uniting,  
Friendly, tow'ring to the skies!

And, joyful, in November,  
Many guests left Britain's coast:  
But, look on how sad December  
Showed the pale, the Warlike ghost!

Though Peace was not disturbed,  
War had not begun to rave,  
Yet all eyes were looking forward  
That it soon must leave its cave.

Yet most people were contented  
With the Eighteen 'Fifty-One;  
When World's Industry had flourished,  
And great honours had been won.

And the Year that's just concluded  
Prosperous it has been like none  
Rapid-moving, unobstruded  
In the path of 'Fifty-One.

And the seed then strewed and buried  
In a good productive land,  
To the light that Year 'twas hurried  
By th' industrious, skilful hand.

Let us, then, not be unmindful,  
Let us not condemn the Year;  
Let's remember—aye, and thankful—  
All the good it brought to bear.

Let's remember how Trade flourished  
Let us, thankful, raise our voice;  
That, through it, the Poor were nourished,  
Though bread reached a famine price;

That the loom of time has finished  
An unpreceded brilliant work,  
Iron-strong with undiminished  
Buoyancy, like finest cork;

That two great and valiant Nations,  
Foemen once by land and sea,  
Have established good relations:  
To be done, what's right they'll see.

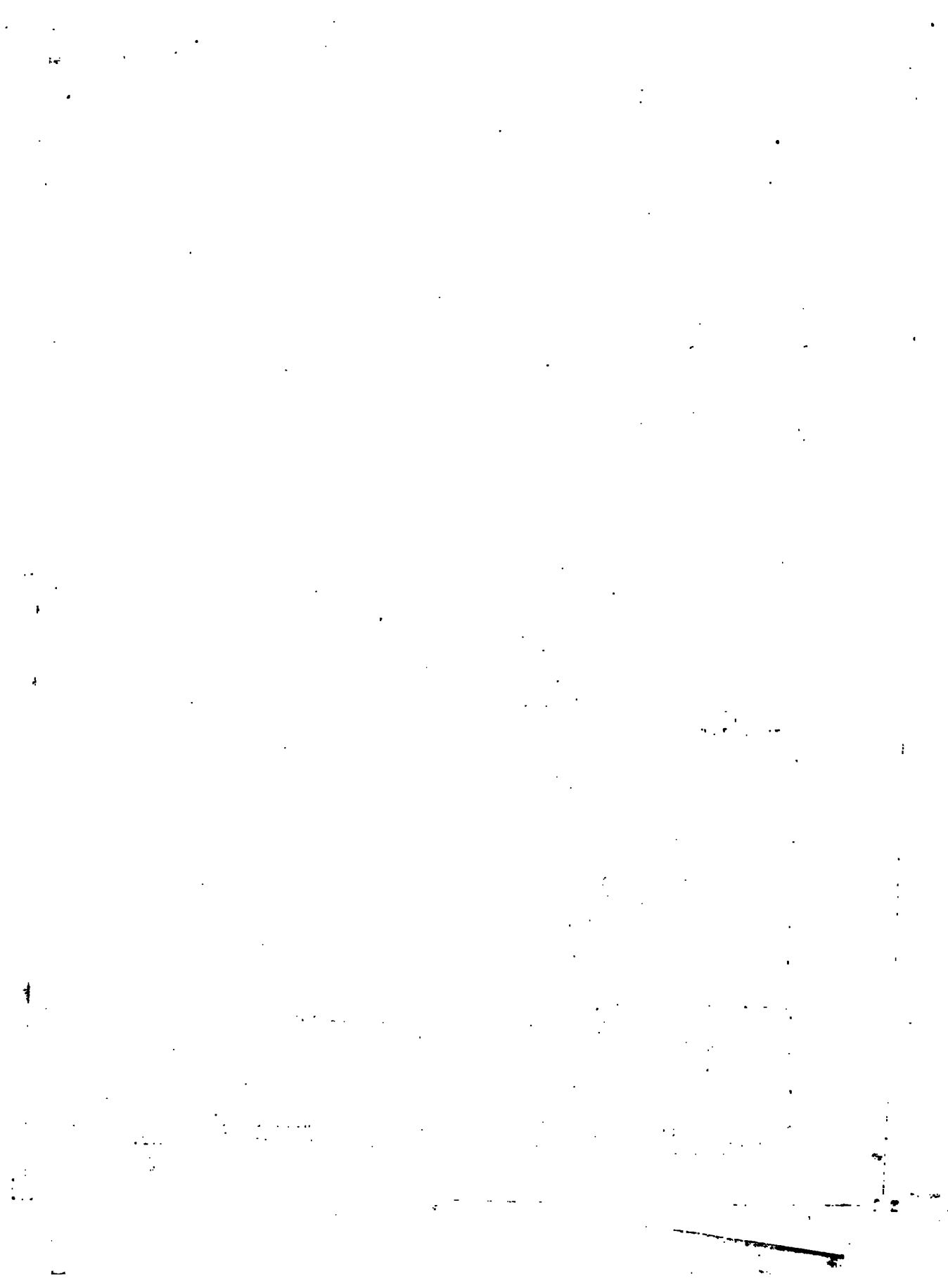
France and England, thus united,  
Who can break that pow'ful band,  
Which Time's loom that year has finished  
With th' industrious, skilful hand.

And the union thus effected,  
May it last for evermore!  
Monuments of faith, erected  
On the French and British shore!

May all other Nations join it,  
May they cast aside the one  
That may chance to rest behind it,  
Foe to all if foe to one!

And the LORD OF Hosts be praised  
For the good that Year has done,  
And a safeguard thus was raised  
Against the wrongs of any one!

Peace—the wish of all united—  
Peace will be enforced by War;  
Britons' hopes will not be blighted—  
VICTORIA mounts on Triumph's car!

































1













